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- | | | | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------|-------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 Alexander the Great | 11 The Jockey | 21 Poetry | 31 Venus's Girdle | 41 The Blood |
| 2 Cherokee Chief | 12 Nobody | 22 Astronomy | 32 French Night Cap | 42 Lady of the Town |
| 3 Quack Doctor | 13 Four Court Knaves | 23 Music | 33 New Married Lady | 43 Master among the Maids |
| 4 Quack's Arms | 14 Nobody's Arms | 24 Probability | 34 Old Maid | 44 The Critic |
| 5 Cuckold | 15 A Parcel of Noughts | 25 Statute of Flattery | 35 Old Bachelor | 45 Stock Broker |
| 6 Plain Simple Head | 16 Any Body's Arms | 26 Riding Hood | 36 Maid of the Spirit | 46 City Politician |
| 7 Lawyer | 17 Some Body | 27 Billingsgate Moll | 37 The Quaker | 47 Gambler's 3 Faces |
| 8 Journeyman's Jimmy | 18 Every Body's Arms | 28 Laughing Philosopher | 38 A French Head & Hat | 48 Gambler's Funeral |
| 9 St. Langrish's Wiping | 19 Architecture | 29 Crying Philosopher | 39 An English Head & Hat | 49 Gambler's Monument |
| 10 The friend bob | 20 Painting | 30 A Head Dress | 40 Physical Wigg | 50 Tristram Shandy |
| | | | | 51 Methodist Parson |

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PART II.

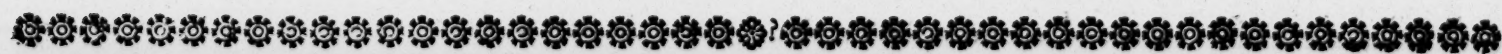
Ladies Heads — Riding Hood — Ranelagh Hood — Billingsgate — Laughing and Crying Philosophers — Venus's Girdle — Cleopatra — French Night Cap —	Face Painting — Old Maid — Young Married Lady — Old Batchelor — Lass of the Spirit — Quaker — 2 Hats contrasted — and 2 Heads contrasted.
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PART III.

Physical Wig — Dissertation on Sneering and Snuff-taking — Life of a Blood — a Woman of the Town — Tea Table Critic — Learned Critic — City Politician humorously described — Gambler's 3	Faces — Gambler's Funeral and Monument — Life and Death of a Wit — Head of a well-known Methodist Parson, with a <i>Tabernacle Harangue</i> .
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 Price only Six-pence.

THE CELEBRATED LECTURE on HEADS.

PART I.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

BY all the laws of laughing, every man has an undoubted right to play the fool with himself; under that licence this Exhibition is attempted.—Good wine needs no bush;—the bad deserves none:—If what I have to offer meets with your approbation, you will applaud it; if otherwise, it will meet with the contempt it deserves.—Some of these heads are manufactured in wood, and others in pasteboard, to denote, that there are not only Blockheads, but Paper Skulls.

N^o 1. This is one of those extraordinary personages called Conquerors. He was called ALEXANDER the GREAT, from the great number of people his ambition had to cut to pieces; he was a most dexterous slaughterman, and thought mankind only made for him to cut away with; he was a great hero, warrior, and man-killer—Formerly. And—N^o 2. This is the head of a CHEROKEE CHIEF, called Sachem-Swampum-Scalpo-Tomakauk;—He was a great hero, warrior, and mankiller—Lately. And

N^o 3. This is the head of a QUACK-DOCTOR;—a greater mankiller than either of the other two. The head of the quack-doctor is exhibited to shew the weakness of wisdom, and the strength of folly; for if wisdom was not too weak, would such fellows as Carmen, Cobblers and Porters be permitted to vend their unwholesome mixtures, under letters patent;—and if folly was not too strong, would anybody swallow their compositions!—The madness of * this head, made him a conqueror.—The folly of the town dubb'd † this a doctor—The exploits of Alexander are celebrated by half the great writers of the age! and yet this Alexander was nothing more than a murderer and a mad man; who ran from one end of the world to the other, seeking whom he might cut to pieces:—and § this copper-complexioned hero wants nothing to make him as great as Alexander, but the rest of antiquity to varnish over his crimes, and the pens of writers to illustrate his actions.—The Quack-doctor is his own historian; and publishes, in the Daily Advertiser and Gazetteer, accounts of cures never performed, and copies of affidavits never sworn to.

N^o 4. Here is the quack-doctor's coat of arms;—three ducks proper, and Quack, Quack, Quack for the motto.—'Tis charged round with death's heads; and way of crest, a number of quack puffs, and bills of mortality.—It was made up for him by the worshipful company of Undertakers, and presented to him by the sextons and gravediggers; to denote, that these people look upon Quack-doctors as their greatest benefactors.

N^o 5. The ornaments of ** this head, are not for what the wearer has done; on the contrary, he bears about with him the constant memorial of the faults of others, and is, by the ill judging part of the world, condemned for crimes he could not commit, and the very commission of which constitute all his unhappiness. These horns, like the cornucopia of the ancients, signify plenty; and denote, that this head hath abundance of brethren in affliction; they are gilt, to shew, that there are wretches base enough to accept the wages of dishonour, even in a point the most delicate.—This brass Buck's-head, we all well know, is made use of both in public and private houses; nor had it been made in this shape, but to accustom mankind not only to the sight of horns, but to the use of hanging their hats upon them.

From the ancient custom of adorning the temples, came the modern custom of embellishing the whole head. Hence arose the wig manufactory—the consequence of which we shall endeavour to illustrate.

* Alexander.

§ Cherokee Chief.

† The Quack Doctor.

** The head of a cuckold.

N^o 6. * Here is a head, and only a head; a plain, simple, naked, unimbellished appearance; which, in its present situation, conveys to us no other idea, than that of a bruiser, preparing to fight at Broughton's. Behold how naked, how simple a thing nature is! But, behold, how luxuriant is † N^o 7 Art! What importance is now seated on these brows! What reverence the features demand! What dignity is diffused on the whole countenance!—This is a compendium of law.—Special pleadings in the fore top, pleas, rejoinders, replications, and demurs in each turn of the head—the knotty points of practice in the twist of the tail—the depth of the full bottom, denotes the length of a chancery suit, while the black coif at top, like a blister plaister, seems to tell us, that the Law is a great irritator, and never to be used but in very desperate cases.—But as it is not enough to suppose a resemblance, and as we have more blocks than one to try our wigs upon, we will make an exchange; and attempt an oration in praise of the law.

Law! law! law! is like a fine woman's temper—a very difficult study.—Law! law! is like a book of surgery;—a great many terrible cases in it.—Law! it is like fire and water; very good servants; but, very bad, when they get the upper hand of us; 'tis like a homely genteel woman, very well to follow;—'tis also, like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us;—and again, it is like bad weather, most people chafe to keep out of it.—In law! In law there are four parts; the Quidlibate, the Quodlibathe, the Quidproquo, and the Sinaquanon.—Imprimis; the Quidlibate; or who began first? because, in all actions of assault, the law is clear, that pribis jokis, is absolutis maris, fina jokis; which, being elegantly and classically rendered into English, is, that, whosoever he be that gave the first stroke it was absolute ill, and without a joke.

Secondly, the Quadlibate, or the damages; but that the law has nothing to do with, only to state them; for whatever damages ensue, they are the client's perquisites, according to that ancient Norman motto;—If he is cast, or castandum; he is semper idem, ruinandum.

Thirdly, the Quidproquo; seeing council.—Giving words for money, or having money for words: according to that ancient Norman motto, "Si curat lex," We live to perplex.

Fourthly, the Sinaquanon; or, without something, what would any thing be good for? Without this wig, what would be the outlines of the law!

I shall illustrate this by a case in point (Peere Williams, p. 96) Daniel against Dishclout.—Plaintiff Daniel was groom in the same family where defendant Dishclout was cook. Plaintiff Daniel had been drinking, or, as Dr. Bibbibus in his dissertation on bumpers, he was Duplicans, that is, he was a double man; he was not as he should be, pse he; but as he should not be, Tipse he.—Plaintiff Daniel made a forcible entry on the cook's premises, the kitchen.—Now, the kitchen, according to serjeant Plodding, as he has it in his 149th vol. folio, of the abridgment of the statutes, page 1296, there he says, that the kitchen is, Camero necessaro, in usu cookeraro, where she has the overlooking, the conduct, the management, the supervising, the seeing to, the superintendence, and the speculation of all the sauspannis, stewpannis, frienpannis, et stovis smoke-jacko, and where our cook was at this time employed in all the duties of her office; where she was rostandum, boilandum, fryandum, frigafeyandum, et plumb-puddingandum, mixandum. At this time Plain-

* A Counsellor's head.

† A large tye wig upon the head.

tiff Daniel made forcible entry, &c. and demanded a sop in the pan; defendant Dishclout insisted on her right of refusal;—a sop in the pan, gentleman, is a very serious thing; and without perquisites, what are all honours and places good for; Nothing more than an embroidered button-hole; and if we consider a minister of state as the nation's cook, then perquisites are the sop in the pan to the minister of state, with which omnium gatherum choose to grease their fingers.—Well, Plaintiff Daniel demanded a sop in the pan; Defendant Dishclout insisted on a right of refusal; Daniel seized Dishclout by the left hand, there was the Quidlibate, or the assault. Dishclout took Daniel by the right hand, and pulled him into the dripping-pan; there was the damages—the dripping-pan.—Now, if the dripping pan had not been there, he could not have fallen into the dripping-pan; and if he had not been there, the dripping-pan could not have received him. And this is Law; and the loquaciousness of the law is multi loquacious; forasmuch, nevertheless, moreover, likewise, and also—The liberty of the Law is the happiness of the English, and is very happy for us Englishmen, that we have the liberty to go to law.

N^o 8. Here is a WIG, as STIFF as if chiseled out by a stone cutter; and as unnatural as Chinese ornaments; and yet these wigs and the wearers of them too, are in fashion in some parts of the town; and thus plastered, like the top of a cabbage plant after a shower of snow, 'tis called the Journeyman's Jemmy. And

N^o 9. This is SIR LANGUISH LISPING, these creatures adorn the outside of their heads to attack ladies hearts, and they are promoted to places in the service of the ladies, in proportion to their respective merits; they are tea cup-carriers, fan-bearers, and snuff-box holders. This is the He at the one end of the Town, and this is the He at the other end of the town. It would, perhaps, give pain to any one of this audience, to have such a pomatum cake pasted to their heads: But the extreme delicate creatures these represent, seldom make any other use of their heads, than to have their hair or wigs dressed upon them. They smile, and simper, they ogle, they admire every lady, and every lady alike. Nay, they copy the manners of the ladies so closely, that grammarians are at a loss, whether to rank them with the masculine or feminine, and therefore put them down as the Doubtful Gender.—These wigs, from the quantity of powder that is lavished upon them, are called Ammunition Caxons; and thus sweetened over, like the sugar on the top of a twelf cake, may seem to denote, that the wearers must needs be very sweet fellows.

N^o 10. Here is, a full FRIZZLED BOB.—The wearer of this wig looks like an ostrich in a fright: as if he had run his head into a bush, and brought it away with him about his ears—Wigs may be considered as bearing great analogy to books: this then, will be a huge quarto in large paper; as this is a duodecimo in small print, and belongs to Mr. Donefirst, the long odds layer: and here is his man Cross and jostle in, N^o 11. "sweated down to ride a sweepstakes; and thus dressed, in the true turff taste, they are called a brace of "knowing ones."—The head of a HORSE-JOCKEY, and a jockey's-horse, may be said to have great affinity; because the jockey's head can pull the horse's head on which side the post he pleases; but what sort of heads must those people have, who knows these things are done, and yet trust their capitals with such sinking funds! but we shall bear to say any more on this head, for fear of offending those high personages who chuse to resemble grooms and horse jockeys.—A conversation should have been formed for these heads, and they should have talked on various subjects, such as politics, religion, and old cream; eau de luce, lavender water, demyreps, and french chicken gloves.—But as all that has been said is to no purpose, and as least said is soonest mended; and as those that say nothing cannot be blamed for speaking, we have chosen to exhibit these capitals as mutes; and hope the audience won't take offence at it.—Some heads are mute, because they have nothing to say: some should be mute because they say nothing to the purpose; some men say nothing at all to their wives; and some married men would be ex-

tremely happy, if their wives said nothing at all to them.

N^o 12. This is NOBODY'S HEAD, or, the head of nobody; because thus adorned with the fool's cap, nobody chuses to own it.—Historians have left us in the dark with respect to these hood bonnets; but it is, however, supposed, that the first who wore them was, Judge Midas, who had the inimitable art of turning every thing he touched into gold; and now touch some people with gold, and you may make any thing of them; money getting, consisting in the art of making fools wise; or, of properly suffering ourselves to be made fools of.

N^o 13. Life is said to be a lottery: and folly concerned in the chances—Now let us see if this fool's cap has got any prizes!—This may appear as a satyr against card-playing, but 'tis not a just one; on the contrary, most card players are said to belong to * this family, and generally bear their name; they are called COURT-CARDS, because, when they are turned up trumps, they become honours.—Which shews, if you deal fairly you may gain honours, and that often, honours or no honours, depend entirely on a shuffle.

N^o 14. This CREST belongs to those easy kind of mortals, who are said to be nobody's enemy but their own. They are divided into three classes;—there are your generous fellows,—your honest fellows, —and your devilish clever fellows.—As to your generous fellow; he is treat master; your honest fellow, he is singing master, who is to keep the company alive for four or five hours; and then your devilish clever fellow is to drink them all dead.—They married into Folly's family, and got this crest,—“the fool's cap.”—And which to this day nobody chuses to be known by.

N^o 15. If you ask why we so frequently use the term nothing, let this serve as a reason; from ten to twenty, we go to school to learn, what, from twenty to thirty, we are strangely apt to forget; from thirty to forty, we think things must needs be as we would have them; from forty to fifty, we find ourselves a little out in our reckoning: and from fifty to sixty, upon casting up life's debtor and creditor, we find § this the certain ballance. These are a number of nothings, which in there present state, have no power or consequence; yet, ere by the addition of one, they take rank and precedence immediately; which shews, that in life, as well as arithmetic, nothing may be turned into something, by the assistance of any one lord of a golden manor; take away the one, and they are nothing again.—To nothing we must all come; happy are they, who amidst the variations of nothing, have done nothing to be ashamed of. If they have nothing to fear, they have every thing to hope.—Thus, ends the dissertation on nothing; which the exhibitor hopes he has properly executed,—by making nothing of it.

From the dissertation on nothing, we come to NOBODY'S genealogical tables.—This is nobody's crest, because, whoever this may suit nobody cares to own it.—This is somebody's crest; “a SCREEN,” because, in all political disputes, somebody is supposed to be behind the screen.—This coat of legs and arms belongs to those easy kind of mortals, who are always throwing their legs and arms about 'em: restless every where; at home no where: how they live, nobody knows: and how they die nobody cares. However insignificant this may appear, yet that is of no small importance; for the moment a man begins to fancy himself something, he assumes a big look; we therefore have given him a big belly, with a vast corporation; as for the absent members, let them be thus made out; let the mayor be the head; the two sheriffs the arms, as they execute the law; the aldermen the legs, as they support the chair; and, as to the eyes, nose, mouth, &c. why let them be composed of a committee of common council men; and so, the corporation is made out.

This is any body's coat of arms; the shield is blank, a blank for the crest! it being as easy now-a-days to buy and bear a coat of arms, as any other coat.—

* Four knaves held up.

§ A board held up, with a parcel of noughts.

The

The Herald's office is the true Monmouth street in the parish of Pedigree. It is honour's piece broker's shop, where every remnant of reputation is to be purchased.—It should seem as if the Herald's office had the virtue of Medea's kettle, where every plebeian vulgarity is boiled away, and out they come spick and span new gentle-folks.

N^o 18. This is every body's COAT OF ARMS—a bag of money and hands catching at it; money reaping being mankind's universal harvest work, we have given a death's head to every body's coat of arms, being the exact likeness of every body drawn after life.

It may seem strange that we should exhibit such terms, as esteem, generosity, friendship, gratitude, public spirit, and common sense; as belonging to nobody's family: but, the truth is, that these fine qualifications have been so ill used, that nobody cared to own them. The consequence of which was, that they were ordered into the workhouse: but the parish officers unanimously agreed, that they should have no admittance there.—Mr. Overseer, standing up, and saying that as how,—in the first place; imprimis, first of all, and foremost—Gemmen of the vestry, Why what business have we with friendship! I take it, that has how the best friend a man has, is a man's own money in a man's own pocket: and friendship is nothing more or less, as I take it, in the whole versal world, but to borrow a man's money out of a man's pocket. I come now to your gratuities, and I take your gratuities to be a sort of a foreign lingo; which we English folk have nothing at all to do with.—and ye know my gemmen of the vestry, since Self Interest was member of parliament, Gratitude has been turned out of doors.

Mr. Headborough, slowly rising from his chair, and gravely snuffing the candle, begg'd leave to be heard—and he said, that has how, whereof, and wherefore, not so much for the saying of the thing, as tho' it should be said, though to be sure no man should be certain sure of his own judgment; yet for his part; now as to your generosity, he look'd upon it to be a sort of a something of a foreign plant, and we have nothing to do with it.—And as to your public spirit, why ye know gemmen of the vestry, I need not tell you, that is nothing more than a licence for publicans to sell spirituous liquors:—and as to your esteem; wh---y some people esteem brandy punch; and some people esteem rum punch; for my part, give me a little sup of your rum punch, and if I was the people of Jamaica, if the people of England would not drink rum punch, why they should have no turtle, and then they would all be starved. And

Now my gemmen of the vestry, I come to my Imprimis, third and last; and that is your common sense; and as to your common sense, if I may be allowed to speak my reflexions about it; I look upon it to be too common, and too vulgar a thing, for the gemmen of the vestry to trouble their heads with, or be concerned about.

All these fine qualifications must have perished in oblivion, had not Chance recommended them to the family of Ostentation. Here is the lady of Ostentation's manor, her name was vanity. She had a sister named Wit, who ran away with Judgment the house steward, from which two was begot Genius, but as it's very common to use genius ill, so, she suffered many and great hardships, till at length she was reduced to so low an ebb, as to be obliged to lodge in a garret with the poet Oblivion, and his mother Necessity. In process of time Judgment, her father, found her out, and promoted a marriage between Genius and Science, and from that marriage were produced these five fine children, N^o 19. ARCHITECTURE, N^o 20. PAINTING, N^o 21. POETRY, N^o 22. ASTRONOMY, and N^o 23. MUSICK. But the disturbance at that time between the Goths and the Vandals, having overturned the temples of the Arts and Sciences, these scientifics took shipping, and a storm arising at sea, they were shipwreck'd on the inhospitable coast of Sussex, where, after being plundered of their wearing apparel, they were left to starve, by the inhumanity of the country people. The reason why our sea-side savages may rob and plunder shipwrecked passengers with impunity, is owing to a defect in the Game Act, which was made for the

preservation of the game all over England, the gentlemen, who drew up that act, forgetting to make men, women, and children game, though it is so common, now-a-days, to make game of men, women, and children. They begged their way up to London on foot, where they were in hopes that the merit of their works would recommend them, poor creatures! 'Tis a sign they knew very little of the world, to imagine any such thing; however, (to prevent starving) Architecture turned bricklayer's labourer to a Chinese builer: Painting, was a grinder of colours to a paper stainer: Poetry, turned printers devil: Music, sung ballads about the streets: and Astronomy, cried almanacks. In some little time lady Fashion found them out, and, as soon as lady Fashion found them out, all the world ran mad for their company.

N^o 24. This is a most curious exhibition, and very likely to make the learned look about them; for as there is no mark or sign to discover what it is, 'tis a sure proof of its being a genuine antique.—It may, for ought we know, be a King Solomon, or Queen Samerimis; an Old Venus, or a new Nabob, a methodist Preacher, or a Bottle Conjuror. It was intended to place the FACE of PROBABILITY upon it; but that motion was soon laid aside, as people, in our days, are only fond of improbabilities; at length, a part of the bronze, or plaister, being rubbed off, a letter was discovered, by which it appeared to be the remains of the statue of Honesty; thus maul'd and mutilated by the various inroads that had been made upon it.—Imagine not, spectators, that this bust of honesty is exhibited, as if the real face would be a stranger to any one of this company;—No,—She is only shewn here, emblematically; the meaning of which is, that the manners of the times are such, as may put Honesty out of countenance.—Not as a companion, but as a contrast to the head of Honesty, is

N^o 25. This, the head of FLATTERY, exhibited. The ancients had days they called White, or Lucky days; thus it is with Flattery; to the fortunate she turns her white, her shining side; to the unfortunate, she is ever in eclipse. Upon the approach of any ill-fortune, Flattery, generally turns into Reproach; the meaning of which is, that it is a reproach to our understandings to suffer Flattery, yet we continue to accept the injury, though we despise the hand that offers it; not remembering that the receiver is as bad as the thief.

This being, Flattery, was begot on Poverty, by Wit, which is the reason why poor wits are generally the greatest flatterers.

This Flattery was employed by the princes of the earth, to carry their congratulations to one another: but being at a certain time dispatched by the Dutch with a card of compliments to the Hottentots, the ship she went in was taken by a pyrate; the captain of which fell in love with Flattery, left off the sea for her sake, took an inn, set up, and made Flattery his bar-keeper; a gentleman arriving in those parts in pursuit of an heiress, and having tried all efforts in vain, at last purchased Flattery of the inn-keeper; and by her means gained the lady. But to see the ingratitude of mankind, he had not been married a fortnight, before he kick'd Flattery out of doors; and from that time to this, she has had no settled place of abode, but is usually to be found at the beginning of courtship, and at the latter end of a petition. This being, Flattery, was the occasion of the very first duel that ever was fought; she was placed at the top of a pyramid in the middle of an highway, where four roads met; two knights-aventurers, the one from the north, and the other from the south, arrived at the pyramid the same instant; the hero from the south, who saw this white side, said it was a shame, that a white, a silver profile, should be trusted on the highway side. The hero from the north, who only saw this, said,—A white, a silver profile, why it is a black one! Flat Contradictions produced fatal demonstrations; their swords flew out, and they cut and hued one another in a most unmerciful manner; till fainting with the loss of blood, they both fell down, each on the opposite side to that on which the combat begun; when looking up, too late, they beheld their mistake. At this instant a venerable hermit coming by, bound up their

their wounds, and replaced them on their horses; giving them this piece of friendly advice, "That, henceforward, in all political disputes, and matters of a pub-

lic nature, never to trust themselves till they had examined both sides of the question."

PART II.

IN the first part of this lecture we considered men's heads; in the second part, we shall consider the head dress of the fine ladies; for as the world is round, and the world turns round, and every thing turns round with it; so no lunar, or sidereal revolution, hath caused greater alteration in the affairs of men, than hath from time to time taken place in the head dresses of the ladies.

N^o 26. From the Egyptians, from whom we derive all our arts and sciences, philosophy and fashions, our good dames of antiquity seem to have borrowed this RIDING HOOD. Behold the riding hood! how the lappets fall down the side of the face, like the lappets on the side of the face of the Egyptian mummy; or like the cumbrous foliages of the full-bottom'd peruke: but our ancestors disliking the use of these full-bottoms, contrived a method of tying up their wigs behind; hence the origin of tye wigs! — The ladies, too, not to be behind hand with the gentlemen in their fashions contrived a way to tye up their tails too; and from the riding-hood, they tuck'd up their tails, and form'd the Ranelagh-hood; as for example;

N^o 27. This is the hood in high taste at the lower end of the town; and while this is wore by lady Mary, lady Betty, lady Susan, and women of great distinction; this is wore by plain MOLL, and Bess, and Sue, and women without any distinction at all! This is the invariable mode, or head dress of those ladies, who used to supply the court end of the town with sea dainties, before land carriage for fish came into fashion! And there is not more difference between the head dress of these ladies, than in their mode of conversation; for while these fine ladies are continually making inroads upon their mother tongue, and clipping polysyllables into monosyllables; as, when they tell us they caant, and they shaant, and they maant; these coarse ladies make ample amends for their deficiency, by the addition of supernumerary syllables; when they talk of breakfasts, and toastings, and running their fistefes against the postfeses.

N^o 28. These are the ancient laughing and crying philosophers, perpetual presidents of the noble and venerable order of the Groaners and the Grimmers. N^o 29. This the president of the dismal faction, is always crying for fear the world should not last his time out; — This the member of the Choice Spirits, egad, he don't care whether it does or not. This laughs at the times; this cries at the times; and this blackguards the times; and thus the times are generally handled. Old people praise the times past, which they neglected to use when they might; young people look forward with anxious care to the time to come, neglecting the present; and almost all people, treat the present times, as some folks do their wives, — with indifference, because they may possess them.

N^o 30. This was the fashionable mode, or HEAD DRESS, in the times of our forefathers and foremothers; when a member of parliament's wife was jogged up to town once a year, behind John, just to see my Lord Mayor's shew, and have her gown cut to the court fashion; and then, with her pillion new stuffed, and her lap cram'd with confectionary, she was hoisted back again, as fine as a gingerbread stall upon a fair-day. From Minerva's helmet, the ladies seem to have taken the custom of wearing bonnets; the pompoon, or egret, from the half-moon that encircled the temple of Diana.

From the ancients, too, came the custom of giving lectures, Juno, that termagant of antiquity, being the first who ever gave her husband a lecture; and which, from the place where it was delivered, was called a *cunivulgar* lecture! And philosophers are of opinion, that

these certain lectures are not yet entirely out of fashion.

N^o 31. Homer, the historian, from whom all these facts are taken, relates great things of the zone, or GIRDLE of VENUS; — and to it he ascribes great virtue; he says, that whatever lady wears Venus's girdle, will infallibly possess the beauties of Venus. NOW, ladies, I have that very girdle mentioned by Homer; and every lady will look lovely as long as she chafes to appear in it.

N^o 32. This is a real antique, the morning head dress of that celebrated demi-rep of antiquity, Cleopatra! this is what astronomers call the night rain, or shrouding the moon in a cloud; and to this day the ladies of Edinburgh, when they go abroad in the morning, fold a tarpin about their heads; or, as they express it, they keep their heeds about in plaid. But our ladies in the south, disliking so cumb'rous a fashion, and imagining that something whimsically like it might be the invention of a new fashion, invented this FRENCH NIGHT-CAP, or cheek-wrapper. A lady in this dress looks hooded like a horse, with eye-flaps, — to keep them from looking one way or the other; and perhaps that is the reason why most ladies in our day choose to look forward! One would imagine that this cap was invented by some surly duana, or ill-natured guardian, who being past the relish of beauty themselves, would deny even the sight of it to the rest of mankind.

Since we are on the subject of ladies faces, permit me a word on the pernicious practice of face painting, or rubbing of rouge and white wash on the complexion. Women of the town may be allowed the use of paint, because the dexterity of their profession, like that of pirates, consists in fighting under false colours. But, for the delicate, the unculpable part of the sex, to paint, looks as if they would fish for lovers, as men do for mackerel, — by hanging something red upon the hook; or as if they thought men were generally of the bull and turkey-cock kind, and would fly at any thing scarlet. Exercise is the best face painter; innocence the best giver of complexion. There is, however, a certain period in life among the ladies, no less an enemy to the face, than the custom of face painting; 'tis called antiquated virginity; when elderly unmarried ladies are supposed to be condemned to lead apes about, because, when they were young and handsome, they made monkeys of mankind. Shakespear has beautifully described the difference of the two states in these few lines; thus,

But earthly happier is the rose distill'd,

Than that, which withering on the virgin thorn,

Lives, grows and dies in single blessedness.

We have here two heads taken from these lines of Shakespear. N^o 33. This is the MARRIED ROSE. N^o 34. And this is that withering on the VIRGIN THORN. Disappointments bring on wrinkles: the wrinkles, therefore, of this face are no cause for wonder; the best wines, if kept too long, will turn to vinegar. But as this subject seems to grow serious, we'll dismiss it with a wish,

"May each married lady preserve her good man,

"And the young ones get good ones as soon as they can."

N^o 35. Not to be partial to either sex, this is exhibited as the head of an OLD BATCHELOR. These old bachelors are mere bullies in love; continually abusing matrimony, without daring to accept the challenge. They tell you, if they were married, their wives should not go abroad when they please; the children should never cry; the men should not kiss the maids: O! they would do mighty matters! But these lion-like talkers abroad, are mere balambes at home; and continually under subjec-

tion to some termagant of a mistress, who makes them amply repay to her insolence, the contempt in which they pretend to have held the worthier part of the sex. As a punishment for their infidelity, when they are old and superannuated, they set up for suitors; they ogle through spectacles, and they sing love songs, with catarhs, by way of symphony. This lace coat, solitaire, and bag wig, shew what he would be, and this fool's cap, what he is.

N^o 36. As this is a head in ancient primitive simplicity; so here is a head, in modern simplicity, and belongs to a lass of the spirit, usually called a QUAKER. And

N^o 37. This is the head of one mov'd by the spirit. He wears this large umbrella like a covering, to keep off the outward light, to strengthen the light within. As this is the hat of one moved by the spirit, so

N^o 38, and 39. This is a HAT, in the true spirit of the MODE. This is a Niverne; or a Nivernoise; or a Nivernoise; or a Never-enough: (it's all the same in the Greek) a fellow with such a hat as this, looks like a man coming from market with a skimming dish on his

head. The French, perhaps, have acted wisely in curtailing the size of their hats, because we have curtailed them of the fir trade; but, for Englishmen to wear such hats, is neither sound policy, or common honesty; yet we persist in copying the manners of the French, tho' we know they despise us for the imitation.—As there are two hats contrasted, so are here two heads contrasted.

This a plain, honest, well meaning, manly sentiment speaking countenance. This, with a French grin, and simper, seems to say—"Entendez vous Monsieur; entendez vous! Sir, you have no complaisance." To whom, this replies, "But Sir, we have sincerity." "Sire, we have de grand Monarch." "And we have liberty." "Sire, we come over to England every year to learn you." "And yet, Sir, we are very much your masters." "Point de tout, Point de tout. Not at all, not at all. You beat us in one part and we go to anoder. The French be de vise people, they go all over the world to get money." And the English, go all over the world to spend it.

PART III.

N^o 40. **I**N the first part of this lecture, we considered wigs lexiconically; in this part we shall consider them physically; or rather, a physical wig: not as it relates to the faculty; but only with intent to shew, how some of the faculty treat their heads. This wig is charactura of both doctor and apothecary, according to the doctrine of topsy turvey; which supposes, that any apothecary may be a doctor, though no doctor can be an apothecary.

Presuming we may now look something like some of the faculty, we shall attempt a dissertation on Sneezing and Snuff-taking; and this we shall endeavour to execute in the true *secundum-artum-medicum* phrase, which may serve either for doctor, or apothecary. Sneezing, otherwise, learnedly called sternutation, is occasioned by a violent, involuntary impression, repression, compression, suppression, and oppression, of the animal spirits and nervous fluids; which acting on the nerves, which are subservient to the muscles and the diaphragma, communicate the same vibration, otherwise oscillations, of the medullary substance, of the nerves, and excite those impulses and concession of the thorax which accompany sternutation, by which means, the patient is in such a sort of a kind of a situation, that if he has a pocket handkerchief he may wipe his nose with it. There are several sorts of snuff; physical and metaphysical. With physical snuff the town has been sufficiently pestered. Let us consider metaphysical. And first,

The snuff, of Self-consequence: upon the sudden accession of any good fortune, pride usually presents the possessor with a box of the snuff of Self consequence. On opening the lid, the dust flies into his eyes, and prevents his recollecting any of his old acquaintance. On these occasions, the eyes of the snuff taker are so injured, that he cannot recognize those very friends, whom perhaps (but the day before) he would have been glad to have received a dinner from—then,

There is the snuff of contempt; that is sure to be taken by all well dressed persons, when they are in company with others with worse cloaths on than themselves: for though we know there is a material difference between real genius, and Monmouth-street finery, yet the Pantheon of parade shall have crowded auditors, while the Temple of Merit stands open without a worshipper.—When the performance of an English artist is exhibited as the work of a master unknown, its merit will have due praise; but the moment his name is known, and he is found guilty of being an Englishman, admiration changes into disgust, and the club of connoisseurs take the snuff of contempt at him and his works immediately. Pshaw;—Paltry;—Damn'd bad, vile, &c. &c.

Englishmen are supposed to be meer John trots, incapable of any thing, but hauling a rope, or pulling a trigger: nor would merit have been allowed in this par-

ticular, had not our soldiers and sailors so very lately shewn all over the world such capital performances.

N^o 41. With these heads we intended to have begun our dissection. This is the head of a blood: he wears a bull's forehead, for a fore-top, in imitation of that blood of old, Jupiter, who turned himself into a bull, to run away with Europa: and to this day your bloods are mighty fond of making beasts of themselves; this is a fine fellow to kick up a dust; or to keep it up when it is kicked up: to chuck a waiter behind the fire; tofs a beggar in a blanket; play at chuck with china plates; hop round the room with a red hot poker in his mouth, upon one leg; say the belief backwards; swallow red hot coals. Oh, he was quite the thing. He was a wit, at Wetherby's; a toast-master at Bob Derry's; a constant customer, at the Round-hound, a terror to modest women, and a dupe to women of the town; as one of whom,

N^o 42. This portrait is exhibited. This is a man of the town, or a blood; and this is a woman of the town, or a—but by what other name the lady chuses to be called, we are not entitled to mention; suffice it to say, that when we attempted dissection, we found this head proof against our keenest instruments; and this so soft, that it mouldered away at the first touch.

N^o 43. This is the Tea-table CRITIC; or master among the maids. He was mama's darling. His mama would never let him learn to read, for fear he should get a nasty custom of holding down his head; but he was a prodigious scholar for all that; he had got four pages of Hoyle by heart, which his mama's woman had taught him: and he could calculate, he could calculate, how much cream should be put into a codling tart. He died of a fit of despair for the loss of his lap-dog; who was poisoned with eating up the cold cream that was prepared for his mama's next day's complexion. We divided the sutures of his head with an ivory bodkin; but instead of the cutis, and the cuticular; the cerebrum, and the cerebellum, medula oblong, and other hard words, we found nothing of them; and, for brains, we discovered this pincushion. From the Tea table Critic, we proceed to the Learned Critic, or Word-grubber.

N^o 44. This was an hunter after commas, semicolons, and underevatas. This is a true classical conjugating countenance, and denotes dictionary dignity. He was one of those learned Doctoribus's, who always argue *Propria qua maribus*. He has for a band, a pair of horn books, to denote that he was a man of mere letters. He lost his best friend in a dispute, relative to the pronunciation of a word; as he was one day walking in his friend's garden, little miss came running to him, "Sir, said she, my papa's horse Cicero has won the race;" foaming with rage, our grammarian bounces into the parlour, Madam, says he, Why do you bring up your children

children thus? How dare you suffer these violations of all grammar; you'll be the very destruction of all learning and of all common sense! for the pronunciation of the word is not Cicero, but, Kikero." Nature never does her works by halves; she proportions the parts of all animals, to the use for which they are designed; thus, the ears of this critic are immensely large; they are called trap doors to catch syllables! On the contrary; his eyes are half closed; that's called the Wiseman's Wink; and shews he can see the world with half an eye. He died of insanity of mind, occasioned by a dispute relating to the restoring of oiled butter; he said, butter once oiled, could never be restored; and he proved it from the Greek too, at the very same interim, in came Betty the cook maid, with a little sprinkling of flower, and no Greek, and restored it in a moment. When we came to a dissection of this head, instead of the hard terms used by anatomists, we found none of the parts thereby inscribed! we found only large fragments of abuse! epitomes of indexes, and title pages: and all the brain covered over with a blotting paper. Before we opened.

N^o 45. This STOCK-JOBBER's head, we had a mind to make an experiment upon the ear: but, as to notes of music, the cries of distress, the praise of merit, and the demand of gratitude, the stock-jobber's head was like his stock, consolidated. We then thought of a method of striking one piece of money against another; we did so. We struck one shilling against another; the chink of the money alarmed the member; and on our striking one guinea against another, the ear expanded to its utmost extent: in other subjects, there are certain vessels that convey to the face a consciousness of guilt, or the glow of innocence. In the stock-jobber they were all petrified. In other subjects, there are certain vessels between the head and the heart; called the nerves of humanity! in the stock-jobber they were all eaten up by the scurvy.

N^o 46. This is, Sir FULL FED DOMINE Double Chin; citizen, turtle, and venison eater. He was one of the common council of Farringdon within; he was a very good sort of a man; he was half brother to an alderman, and had been deputy of his ward; his time was taken up in the affairs of the state, and the affairs of a kitchen. He loved politics, and he loved venison. He thought a cook was the greatest genius in all the world, except a news writer: he constantly read every political pamphlet that was published, and on both sides of the question, and always framed his opinion according to the writer he read last; and according to the humour he happened to be in; he would take his cap and his pipe, and a glass of the righteous (as he called it) and he would be for setting the world to rights in an hurry. Ay! Ay! neighbour Costive; all for their own ends now a-days; all for their own ends; nobody do you see now a-days, loves their own country, since queen Semarimus, and she invented Solomon Gundy, and that's the best eating in all the woful world. If I was at the head of affairs, things should not be as they are now; that's all; they should not indeed, I would shew them another way of a manner of going to work: now I'll shew you my plan of operations: do you mind me now, mark what I say; suppose then these two or three bits of tobacco ashes, to be the main land continent.—Ve—ry well! And suppose now, neighbour Spriggins, this little drop of milk punch, (well come, here's the king, God bless him) suppose this little drop of milk punch, to be the main sea ocean; very well! very well! and suppose these three or four bits of cork to be all our great men of war: very well! But what shall I do now for fortified places? Oh, here I have it; he—re I have it. Here's your Havannahs, and your Pondicherries, and your Tilbury Ports, and your Tower Ditches; and all your damn'd strong places? there's a plan of operations for ye now; A—h, Well, and then our army all should wear a new uniform; all our horse infantry should wear air jackets, and all our foot cavalry should wear cork waistcoats; and then ye know why they'd be all over the sea before you could say Jack Robinson. Well, and where do you think I'd land them now? You don't know; nor you don't know; how the devil should you know. You don't understand geometry. Why I'll tell you where I'd land them; I would land them under the line, close by the South Pole; there I'd land them; and then I'd ambuscade all the Spaniards back settle-

ments; and take from them all their — P—shaw. You know what I mean well enough: all their — all them damn'd hard names mentioned in the news papers, all their Mexicos, and their Perus, and their Dimont Islands! and then I'd come with a circumvendibus on the Dutch, in flatbottom'd boats; (because ye know that is a flatbottom'd country) open the sluices — let in the water — drown all the poor Dutch, and then we should have the turtles, and the Spice Islands, for nothing; and ther'd be living in Old England.

While our politician was thus going on with his plan, censuring men and measures he knew nothing about, and it happening at a time when our army lay encamped on one side of the river, and the French on the other; an officer in company, with his stick, gave our politician a rap on the knuckles: What's that for? A—y? Only, sir, replied the officer, coolly to inform you, that that commander who crosses a river, to attack an enemy in front, may chance to get a rap on the knuckles: that's all! — The alteration is easy from politics to cunning.

N^o 47. Behold here the head of a SHARPER. In Truth's dictionary, under the article Cunning, is the verb to sharp; from whence the noun substantive sharper: that we may offend no countrymen by the birth of our hero, be it known that he was born at sea, on board a transport, in which, his mother was humbly requested, by a rule of court to take a seven years tower to America. At length, by his unshaken resolution, and matchless impudence, he acquired a fortune of forty thousand pounds.

This is his original face; a heavy, vulgar, incurious, down-looking countenance; this was his holiday face, that he went into company with; and, under this mask battery he used to play off, all his slight of hand-artillery; and this was his face that he awoke at midnight with; when Conscience assisted by Memory, commanded him to undergo a self examination; for, as there was nothing too base for him to commit, so neither was there any thing so dreadful, but he had reason to fear it. He lived in the utmost dread, and died in the utmost despair; putting a period to his existence, with this: which, in the catalogue of medicines, bears this name*. He left all his fortune to the hospital for incurables, in Moorfields; that as he had got all his money by the incurables, so he was very willing now he could make no farther use of it; to return it to the right owners.

N^o 49. Although he had lived a life so infamous, he was buried in all the purchased pomp: behold here the funeral of the gambler? and two of his torch bearers? Such is the partiality of fate, and such the different rewards of merit and infamy; that, that soldier and sailor, are employed at the price of a shilling, and glad too of the scanty pittance, to attend the gambler to his grave; the sailor lost his arm in one of the famous sea fights where Sir Edward Hawke commanded; and the soldier lost his leg, in one of the six regiments who so bravely fought on the plains of Minden. To shew, however how we treat our soldiers and sailors, when we have no occasion for them, we will just beg leave to relate a little story that happened in the year 1745; when our army was marching into the North, under the command of the gallant Duke of Cumberland. The landlord of the house where one of the soldiers happened to be, began to take great notice of him; and would say to him, why honest fellow, says he, you soldiers are the pillars of the nation; you are the bravest men in nature; without a standing army, we should have no standing corn; when you come home, pray come and see me, you, and your wife, and your children, and stay as long as you please, a week, a month, or a year, as long as you please, and make yourselves welcome to every thing you find here; and he always wound up his invitation with telling him that soldiers were the pillars of the nation. When the affair at Culloden was happily over; our soldier called, rather to thank him for his kind invitation, than with any design to accept it. But, the danger being past, and peace being restored, he began to talk about large taxes, and standing armies; and he did not know what occasion there was for a pack of lobstering dogs to be crawling about the country, eating up peoples victuals and drink. He saw no occasion we had for soldiers now, not he, we had peace had not we?

Why,

* Suicide's Grand Specific.

Why, cried our foldier, with a generous disdain, I did not invite myself, did not you tell me to come me and my family, and we should be welcome; and says he, did not you always close your invitation with saying, that we foldiers were the pillars of the nation? — pillars of the nation? — Well, I believe I might say something about pillars, but I meant — catter-pillars.

N^o 48. Thus, while true merit is neglected and despised, to show how Genius and Science can condescend to decorate unworthiness; behold here, the monument of the GAMBLER, — Justice and Compassion, are weeping over his medallion, and Honour descending with a crown of laurels, to reward his virtue; to the hasso relief, are four little boys representing the cardinal virtues, or as weeping for his death; but we, who are apt to moralize on things, rather think they are four little boys whose parents the gambler has ruined; and that they are now turned out of doors, and crying for cloaths to cover them. — From the head one who lived by his wit, we proceed to a real wit: as one mentioned by the famous Yorick. N^o 50. TRISTRAM SHANDAY; and he is supposed to have a good deal of the family likeness; when we came to a dissection of this head, we found one of the most capital parts of the brain quite worn out; he lived so long depending on what others would do for him, that he was at length reduced to the necessity of asking Charity; amongst others of his resting places, he one day set himself down at the door of a large mansion-house; some of the servants hearing he was a Wit, had him into the steward's parlour; and where, according to the notion some people have of wit, they desired he would be comical. One of them said, if he was a wit, to be sure he could run round the room with a red hot poker between his teeth. — The cook-maid said, to be sure if the gentleman was a wit, she hoped he would be so kind, and so civil, and so obliging, and so condescending, and so complaisant, and so good, and so submissive, as to tell her fortune on the cards. — The butler was rather for a tune on the musical glasses. — The groom said, if so be as how the gentleman was a wit, why he could not do no less than ride upon three horses at once. — The laundry-maid, she said, to be sure he could swallow a box-iron and heaters. — While they were thus debating, down came the French Mammefelle, and ordered him to be turned out of doors, saying, "she wondered vat English vit " was good for?"

Wit being thus turned out of doors, went to visit Hospitality; but it being election time, there was no room for him there. He then paid his addresses to Merit; but Merit could do nothing for him, being at that time pursued by Faction. He then addressed himself to Charity; and she would have done any thing in the world to serve him; but, as ill luck would have it, she was herself that very morning ran over by the bishop's new set of coach horses. He died, at length, of mere hunger; and was interred in the poor's burial-ground, after his friends had raised money to pay the surplice fees:

And the modes of christianity are such in our days, that though any churchman may receive a large benefice, yet if any churchman be found guilty of giving away in charity, he would be thought guilty of being righteous overmuch.

N^o 51. Behold here one of the righteous overmuch — yet nought doth he give away in charity! No! no! he is the bell-weather of the flock, who hath broken down Orthodox's bounds, and now riots on the common of Hypocrisy. — With one eye he looks up to Heaven, to make his congregation think he is devout, that's his spiritual eye; and with the other eye he looks down to see what he can get; and that's his carnal eye; and thus with locks flowing down his face, he says, or seems to say, or at least, with your permission, we'll attempt to say for him. —

Brethren! Brethren! Brethren! The word brethren comes from the Tabernacle, because we all breathe there — in. — If ye want rousing, I'll rouse you:

I'll beat a tat-ton upon the parchment cases of your consciences, and whip the Devil about like a whirl-gig. — Even as the car, upon the top of the house doth squall: even so, from the top of my voice, will I bawl, and the organ pipes of my lungs shall play a voluntary among ye; and the sweet words that I shall utter, shall sugar candy over your souls, and make carraway comforts of your consciences. — Do you know how many taylors makes a man? — Why nine — Nine taylors makes a man. — And how many make half a man? — Why four journeymen and a prentice. — Even so have you all been bound 'prentice to misfortune the fashion-maker; and now you are out of your times you have set up for yourselves — My great bowels, and my sm — all guts groan for you. — I have got the gripe of compassion, and the belly-ach of pity. — Give me a dram. — Give me a dram — — Do give me a dram — — A dram of patience I mean, while I explain unto you, what reformation, and what abomination mean! Which the worldly wicked have mixed together, like potatoes and butter-milk, and therewith made a sinful stir about. — Reformation, is like the comely froth at the top of a tankard of porter; — and Abomination — is like the dregs at the bottom of the tap-tub — — Have you carried your consciences to the scowlers? Have you bought any Fuller's earth at my shop? to take the stains out! — You say, yes: you have! you have! you have! — But I say no: you lye! you lye! you lye — — I am no velvet-mouth preacher; I scorn your lawn sleeves — — You are all full of filth; ye must be boild down in our Tabernacle, to make portable soup, for the faints to sup a ladle full of; and then the scum, and the scaldings of your iniquities, will boil over; and that is called the kitchen-stuff of your consciences, that serves to grease the cartwheels that carry us over the Devil's ditch; and the Devil's gap. — The Devil's ditch; that's among the jockeys at Newmarket; and the Devil's gap, that's among the other jockeys; the Lawyers at Lincoln's-inn-fields. — And then there is the Devil among the Taylors, and the Devil among the Players! the players, they play the Devil to pay. — The play-house is Satan's ground, where women stretch themselves out upon the tenter-hooks of temptation. — Tragedy is the blank verse of Beelzebub; — Comedy is his hasty pudding; and Pantomime is the Devil's country dance. — And yet, you pay the players for seeing plays; yes, yes; but you won't pay me; no, no, till Beelzebub's bum bailiffs lay hold of you; and then you think I'll pay your garnish; but I won't, No; you shall lay on the common side of the world, like a toad in a hole that is baked for the Devil's dinner. — Do put some money in the plate — Put some money in the plate — — and then all your iniquities shall be scalded away, even as they scald the bristles off the hog's back; and you shall be cleansed from all your sins, as easily as the barber shaveth away the weekly beard from the chin of the ungodly.

Do put some money in the plate,
Or E, your preacher cannot eat:
And 'tis with grief of heart I tell you,
How much this preaching scow'rs the belly:
How pinching to the human tripe
Is pity's belly-ach, and gripe:
But that religion (lovely maid)
Keeps a cook's shop to feed the trade.

The motives of our deeds the same
With Whitefield, I put in my claim;
The pious thieves attack your purses,
With cries, and tears, and pray'rs and curses;
But, I, more modest in the trade,
Dare never damn the fools I've made;
But will, if so your worships please,
In future times, on bended knees,
Say, sing, and swear, that those alone are right,
Who croud this tabernacle every night.

F I N I S.



